

CHRISTMAS

The Lookout Man

Now, listen, little children, and I'll tell a story true—
And better you remember, for it means a lot to you—
For if you heed the lesson, then when Christmas time is here
You'll get a lot of presents and a lot of Christmas cheer,
The lookout man is walking when the stars begin to peep
To see if the little children are in bed and fast asleep;
And all who act up naughty and don't mind their ma's and pa's,
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I knew a little fellow once who got real bad, and said
He didn't care for Santa Claus, and wouldn't go to bed;
And said he didn't have to mind—O, he was awful bad,
And didn't seem to care a mite in making folks feel sad.
But when it came to Christmas Day he didn't get a thing,
For Santa Claus had heard of him and not a thing he'd bring.
He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your pa's and ma's,
The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I also know a little girl who was just awful bad.
She wouldn't get her lessons and she always got so mad
If anybody told her to be still and hush her noise—
Well, she was always wishing for a lot of Christmas toys;
But when 'twas Christmas morning, to her wonder and surprise,
An empty stocking hanging in the corner met her eyes.
You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's and pa's;
The Lookout man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

The Lookout man is peeping through the window every night
And counting up the children who are always acting right—
And going off to bed at once when told its time to go,
And never pouting, not a bit, or taking clothes off slow.
He put them in the good book, but the bad ones in the bad,
And when he writes a bad one, O, he looks just awful sad
For he knows they will get nothing, better mind your ma's and pa's;
The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

—BY WILLIAM M. MAUPIN

THE "OLDEST" CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

Perhaps the very oldest of all Christmas customs is that of decorating our houses, churches and our streets with evergreens. At the very dawn of history began the worship of the trees, or forest worship, and the groves were man's first temples.

All our instincts, our passion about nature, are forest memories, for forest worship was universal.

In later times to each god some tree was dedicated: Apollo had the laurel, Jupiter the oak, and Greece for ages had its sacred groves.

The forest worshippers could not worship without giving, because to worship is to give, and these boughs and garlands were the oldest gifts of man. Before he had learned to shape offerings of his own rude skill he could bring to the sacred trees and hang up on them the first flowers and greenery of spring and the perfect fruits of autumn.

These gifts, remember, were never, as with us, decorations; they were sacrifices.

The Romans, with a fine eye for beauty, used to garland their temples and homes and gathering places and even the big coliseum with boughs of green and ropes of flowers. This particular custom was received by the Christians with a special sort of approval, recalling as it did, the fact that our Lord entered Jerusalem amid the strewn branches of the multitude.

We must not forget the welcome and lovely mistletoe and holly. Indeed Christmas without them would not, with us, seem quite complete.

Mistletoe was for ages regarded as sacred by the British pagans—the Druids—and was surrounded with great mystery and sentiment little understood by us.

It was supposed to possess healing powers and that it could ward off evil spirits. The reverence paid to this little parasite seems to have been restricted to it, only, when it was found growing on the sacred oak trees in the Druids' groves.

Once every year the Druid high priest cut it with a golden sickle, blessed it and distributed the sprays among the people, praying aloud:

that each one who received it might receive divine blessings, of which it was the symbol. Having received the sprays, the people hung them above the doors to propitiate the gods during the year.

The only remaining significance attached today to the mistletoe is the idea that if a maiden is not kissed under it on Christmas day she will go unwed throughout the year. This idea goes so far back into the past that one cannot trace it.

It is because the mistletoe is rare and not easy to get that we found and brought forward the holly, which though lovely, is used only as a substitute for the mistletoe.—New York World.

Native of Christian.

Mrs. Mary Barnett, a native of this county, died a few days ago at the home of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Elmer Lynn, at Fordsville. Pneumonia caused her death, after an illness of only a week. She was 80 years old. Before her marriage she was Miss Mary Walker and was reared in North Christian. She was a relative of Mr. J. T. Walker, of this city. The interment took place at Earlinton.

Coal is more than \$30 a ton in Rome.

CAPITAL STOCK OF \$300,000

Plan to Erect Modern Hotel and Sanitarium at Dawson at an Early Date.

Articles of incorporation of the Dawson Springs Hotel and Sanitarium company were filed this week with County Clerk Salmon, the incorporators being H. O. Hurley, of Louisville; Harry C. Sharp, of West Baden, Ind.; H. C. Brunner, of Louisville, and H. G. O'Kan, of Nashville, Tenn., prominent business men of these cities, with experience in the hotel business.

The capital stock of the new concern is placed at \$300,000, and the object of the concern is to operate a modern hotel and sanitarium at Hopkins county's famous health resort. Within a short time it is planned to begin the erection of a hotel and sanitarium and to have the buildings completed just as soon as possible.—Hustler.

Major School Honor Roll.

Pupils who made an average of 95 per cent are:

GRADE VII.—Susie Shelton, Martha Carter.

GRADE V.—Nettie Mae Rodgers, Houston Carter, Aileen White Carlos, Agnes Wallis.

GRADE IV.—Henry Clay Powell, Ossa Dee Menser.

JERSEY MEN ORGANIZE

To Standardize The Dairy Cattle Business In The County.

The dairy cattle breeders of the county are going to organize a well the beef cattle men. County Agent Casey is promoting an organization along the same lines as that made by the Polled Durham breeders.

Owing to the Fox Graymery demands, there are already many Jersey breeders. Of course as a dry breed, the Jerseys have no rival in this section and the adoption of a breed will be a mere formality.

The first meeting for this purpose was held yesterday morning at 10 o'clock at the rooms of the H. P. M. A.

Estray Horse.

A stray horse hitched to a phaeton, found by the police hitched to the L. & N. park fence, Monday night, is at J. H. Lyon's stable, near the depot, on 9th street. Owner can obtain same by proving property and paying expense of keeping. Horse is a bay, with small star in forehead.

NEW OFFICERS

Dr. Keith Selected President of Medical Society.

The Christian County Medical Society met Tuesday, and the following officers were elected for the year 1916: J. Paul Keith, president; J. W. Harned, secretary and treasurer; W. W. Durham, vice president; E. L. Gates, censor; W. S. Sandbach, state delegate. The next meeting will be held the third Tuesday in January, and the members of the Society will be the guests of Mr. T. L. Merila.

Tyrannical Conventuality.

There is little doubt that one of the most oppressive, injurious, detestable forces in the world is the force of conventuality, that instinct which makes men judge character and an action, not by its beauty or its merits, but by comparing it with the standard of how the normal man would regard it. This vast and intolerable medium of dullness, which penetrates our lives like a thick, dark mist, allowing us only to see the object in range of an immediate vision, hostile to all originality, crushing respectability, that dictates our homes, our occupations, our amusements, our emotions, our religion, is the most ruthless and tyrannical thing in the world.—Arthur Christopher Benson.

HOG ROOTS UP \$300 IN GOLD

Woman Who Once Owned Farm Sets Up a Claim For The Money.

About two weeks ago a hog, confined in a pen on the farm of Bud Ray, near Jones' Mill in the northern part of Henry Co. Tenn., unearthed a tin can containing \$300 in gold coins, according to what meagre details of the discovery could be learned in Paris.

It is understood that Mrs. Richard Collins has made claim to the money, contending that her first husband formerly owned the farm where the money was found. She claims that she loaned \$300 in gold coins to her husband a short while before his death, and that after his death the money could never be located, although his book showed a record, reading "Three hundred dollars loaned," according to information.

Mrs. Collins is endeavoring to obtain the money and it is understood that unless it is turned over to her that the matter may be taken to the courts. However, it is impossible to get minute details in regard to the finding of the money.

According to what could be learned Mr. Ray moved his hog pen a few days before the gold was rooted up by the hog, because the old pen was very muddy, and shortly afterward found the can of gold where it had been unearthed in the new pen.

According to Mrs. Collins' claims, the money must have been buried about 30 years.—Murray Ledger.

POWDER MILL EXPLODES; 300 WOMEN KILLED.

London, Dec. 24.—Advices from Amsterdam state that according to accounts received there 300 of the 600 women employed in a Muenster, Westphalia, powder mill were killed in an explosion. It was said great damage was done to the town by the explosion.

Kills His Son.

Madisonville, Ky., Dec. 24.—While cleaning his pistol, Joe Ashbrook accidentally shot his thirteen-year-old son, Len, in the abdomen, the boy dying a short time afterward.

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